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# THE WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

Vol. IV. No. 8. [General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] AUGUST 13, 1898. [EVANGELINE BOOTH, Commis-  
sioner.] Price 5 Cents.

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## THE TRUANT BUOY

"I sink with the ebb and rise with the tide,  
Around my circle perpetually glide;  
For my foot in the rock securely cemented,  
Has all past endeavors of escape prevented;  
But the storm, I feel, has loosened my socket,  
And with the next wave I shall spring like a rocket,  
Up from my prison. Now a tug to the lee—  
Another pull—there! thank Heaven, I'm free!"

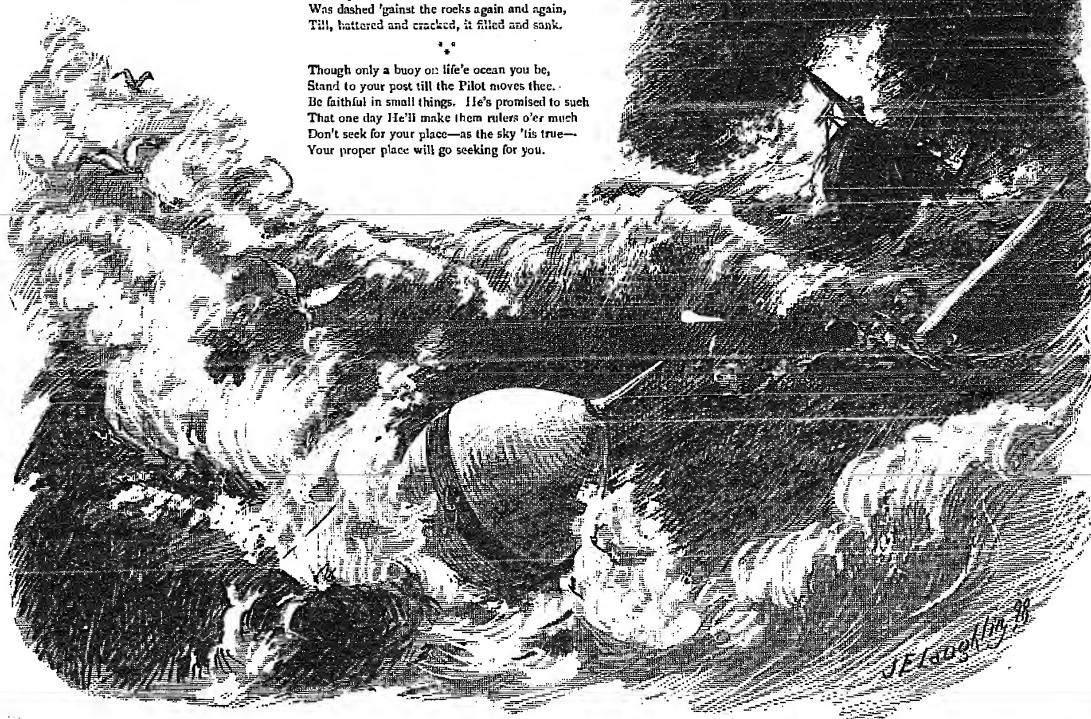
So speaking, a brightly painted buoy  
Flung itself toward the wide ocean with joy.  
"Oh! this is freedom—I can go where I wish;  
I can float with the billows and play with the fish."

Soon the tide returned. Each foam-mounted wave  
Drove back our buoy, though it struggled brave  
Against their force, which hardward it lifted.  
Just as it past its old mooring drifted

It noticed a ship—stiff blew the gale—  
The buoy saw the danger, and, turning pale,  
Entreated the waves to be returned  
To its post of duty. The billows spurned  
With brutal laughter the prayer of the buoy,  
Still driving it shoreward with fiendish joy.

The buoy was sighted by the ship,  
Which never before had made this trip.  
It kept the distance the guide-book directed,  
Seaward the buoy, no danger suspected.  
So it struck the reef by the buoy marked so long.  
The steamer shook like a giant strong  
Whom the piercing sword dealt the deathly blow.  
Wild hissed the breakers—the vessel sank low—  
And praying women and cursing men  
Went down to death—three score and ten.  
But the truant buoy, trembling with anguish and  
pain,  
Was dashed 'gainst the rocks again and again,  
Till, battered and cracked, it filled and sank.

Though only a buoy on life's ocean you be,  
Stand to your post till the Pilot moves thee.  
Be faithful in small things. He's promised to such  
That one day He'll make them rulers o'er much  
Don't seek for your place—as the sky 'tis true—  
Your proper place will go seeking for you.



## HELPS FOR J. S. WORKERS.

## SAMUEL'S INTEGRITY.

I Samuel xii. 1-25.

**I**NTEGRITY is a long word, and its meaning will be better explained by the words "honesty" and "uprightness."

## Samuel's Uprightness.

It was in no boasting spirit that Samuel declared his uprightness of his dealings with the Children of Israel. His was a wonderful testimony to be able to give—no unjust deed, no unkind oppression, nothing unfaithful in watching or reproach. And the people who had, as Samuel said, known him all the days of his life, were glad to hear that he could answer as with one voice, that the declaration was altogether true. How blest a people to have such a leader given them by God.

## He Shows God's Former Dealings.

But Samuel did not stop when he had declared his own uprightness, but led the people quickly back through the long years of pilgrimage, to show them that whoever had been their earthly leader it had been the Lord Himself who had been their Guide and Protector. He showed them how their forefathers had been punished, and then how, just as the Israelites had brought them up to the sin of their day—this last murmur for a king, when the Lord of Hosts was their King.

## A Chance of Better Things.

Samuel showed them, however, that in the abundant mercy of God that although they had sinned, yet that they could yet please the Lord, and be happy and prosperous. If they did well, both they and their King should do well, but if not the Lord would be against them, as He had often had to be for a time against their wavering forefathers. The way to true prosperity was by obedience to God, and righteously divine before Him.

## God's Seat to Samuel's Sermon.

The Lord gave Samuel a sign that what he said was true, and performed a miracle as a seal to His truth, which Samuel was not allowed to see. The sign involved there was a very terrible and unusual thing, and the Children of Israel were terrified into contrition. They saw their wrong. It is always a good thing when children see their wrong, but it is even better to acknowledge and confess it, because then it shall be forgotten.

## Samuel Comforts the People.

Then Samuel, when he saw their true sorrow, comforted them. What a deep heart of love the Prophet had, despite the sad truths he often had to speak when the people's conduct demanded the judgment of God. His tender words showed the absent in his own utterances but a short time before. He assures them that his own prayers shall not cease to be offered on their behalf, and that he will do all in his power to teach and guide them. What a different spirit Samuel might have shown had he been still more biased to the people, and less disposed to do with the people because he was no longer their only earthly ruler! But his faithfulness does not decrease, and, while he reminds them of the love and care of God for them, he adds a final word of caution for them to take again. That is, do not do the sins of your fathers. How truly is the cause of sorrow, no matter how little the wrong may appear to be, it always carries with it bitterness, darkness, and if not forgiven, death. God's interest in and love for those who serve Him never changes. Jesus said not even a sparrow should fall to the ground without His notice. Let us love, serve, and trust our Heavenly Father more and more.

## QUESTIONS.

1. What does integrity mean?
2. What wonderful testimony did Samuel give?
3. Why were the people specially able to judge whether all he said was true?
4. What did Samuel teach the Children of Israel from God's former dealings with them?
5. What was the miracle which God sent as a seal upon Samuel's words?
6. What change took place in the prophet's manner when he saw the people really sorry?

## MEMORY TEXT.

"Serve the Lord with all your heart."

No eye but thine may see;  
Oh, hear my cry for succor,  
Come thou, and fight for me!  
This yearning of the earth-life  
Is stronger than my strength;  
When may the spear be broken,  
And freedom come in sight?  
They say it will not last in length;  
On One who fights for thee;  
Thine is the helpless clinging,  
And mine the victory."

—Hettie Bowman.

By ARTHUR BOOTH-CLIBBORN, Commissioner.

## PART I

## HOLINESS: WHAT IT IS.

## I. The Passion of the Stars and Planets.

**G**REAT stars of light, great worlds of space,  
Who ever move at awful pace  
Through night's deep black and day's  
Cold light?

## II. The Peace and Speed of Power which Worketh by Love.

**N**o home, no heart, no rest have ye,  
And yet ye roll so peacefully;  
Bearing away through heav'n's abyss

Your green fields bathed in peacefulness,  
So can my soul, with upward sweep,  
Sweep its inward landscapes keep.

You walk the ether of the skies  
Like Apostolic Majesties;

You never tremble, halt or shrink;

So can my soul, by faith set free,

The "waters" walk O God, with Thee.

Afraid, lost, of sight deprived,  
Without support from "earth" derived,  
With naught to aid you in your course,  
Yet have ye a stupendous force;

Can my soul, without one stay,  
Be strong in God, for man, each day.

An awful silence round you reigns;  
No voice, no sound, no cheering strains

Are wasted o'er that desert drear;

No zephyr whispers, "God is near."

Thus, dead to feeling, deaf to sound,

In faith, by love, I'm onward bound.

Progress is your imperious law.

Forward I go uncheck'd by awe,

Though reckless seems to "earth" your flight.

Through unknown regions of the night.

Thus marches faith for evermore

Toward the "unseen" which lies before.

And while in God my armament,

My all unseen environment,

I onward speed, oh, thought sublime—

Like you I keep appoin'ted that

Each day, each hour, in His sweet will:

Thus love shall all His law fulfill.

## III.

## Consider the Planets.

**C**ONSIDER us," you seem to say,  
"We tell not, strive not—we obey,  
We take no thought, but yield our all  
At some great, never's mysterious call."

And thus by full surrender, I  
Unite with God my destiny.

## IV.

## The Boundless, Unfathomable, and Infinite Character of Love.

**T**HAT passion which devours you,  
Or through the wilderness of night  
Ever pursues your headlong flight,  
How like the passion of my soul  
Which has the Living God for goal!

You seem to wish to fathoms space;  
You sink and sink in its embrace,  
As if its very depth to sound,  
Or measure to its utmost bound;

But vain is sounding-line or rod,  
It's boundaries as the grace of God.

Yet naught can cure your craving's pain;  
Ye drink an sponge and drink again;  
And caught can stop you in your quest  
Of deeper depths of loss and rest.

Say soul hungers, at all cost

To sink in God and thus be lost.

## V.

## Love is Careful for Nothing.

**T**HERE is no South, there is no North  
Where ye go ever sailing forth;  
You have no compass on that deep,  
Thus God alone is longitude.

Though sailing ever on—away . . .

Your trackless path is new each day;

You never, never pass again

The same spot on that mighty main.

## TRIOLETS

Plucked in Bunches for Use on Various Occasions.

## IN SICKNESS.

Remember Christ can heal.  
Have patience to lie still in bed.  
Have sense, if you have a doctor,  
to follow his advice.

## IN HEALTH.

Take physical exercise.  
Be sensible in your diet.  
Wear seasonable clothing.

## IN POVERTY.

Practice economy.  
Work hard.  
Have faith in God.

## IN WEALTH.

Remember you are God's steward.  
Give judiciously and freely.  
Seek after humility.

## IN DISCOURAGEMENT.

Remember Gethsemane with its  
bloody sweat.  
Picture Calvary's bleeding sacrifice.  
Look for the Pentecostal fire.

## IN SUCCESS.

In all things give thanks.  
Use the fruits of your success  
wieldily.  
Remain humble, giving God the  
glory.

Blaming others is a poor way to  
justify yourself.

## ◎ EYELETS ◎

## ARRANGED IN PAIRS.

"The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth to show Himself strong in the behalf of them whose hearts are perfect toward Him."

"And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof."

"A gift doth blind the eyes of the wise, and pervert the words of the righteous."

"He kept him (Jacob) as the apple of His eye."

"O King, the eyes of all Israel are upon thee."

David prayed to God "That thine eyes may be open towards this house night and day."

## RADIANT RAYS.

You are a light already

We have said so, but your rays do not extend far, the illuminating power is low.

A single soldier should light up his home—I don't care to burn the house, or how large the family, or what the position occupied in it, if it be that of scullery-maid or shoebuck.

One soldier should light up the factory in which he works—I don't care how many widows he leaves in it, or how many hundreds employed—he should be talked about, believed in, loved or hated, caressed or persecuted, by everybody there.

One soldier should light up his corps, its marches and meetings, whatever his rank may be, or whether he has any rank at all. But to do this only a

Furnace-flame will suffice.

No rashlight business, no delicate, timid, half-afraid-of-offending life make you a soldier. You must be a soldier, as well as do this. Nothing less than a heart on fire. You must seek it definitely and you shall find it, and the world will see and feel the results.

—The General.

## RESCUE REFRAINS.

"One emigrant is worth \$1,000 to the State." If this is true, the 75 per cent satisfactory cases told of here to-night by Mrs. Read are worth \$5,000 to the State. The Government should put its work financially, if only on economic principles." Dr. Stockton, M. P. P., at Queen's Square Church, St. John, N. B.

Newfoundland Rescue Home has done good work of reclamation. Since the opening four years ago 90 girls have passed through the Home.

"When we hear of the work being accomplished by this great, delicate woman, Mrs. Read, and her co-workers, it makes us ashamed of our Christian profession and practice. Mr. Burchell, Chairman, Social meeting, Sydney, C. B.

"Let us forget our party lines and denominational differences, and shoulder to shoulder to tell all the powers of evil, and convert them for God." Rev. Mr. James, British Hall, St. John, N. B.

"I believe in this Rescue work for many reasons. One, it is well managed." Dr. Kendall, St. John, N. B.

A religious sinner is worse than a wicked sinner.





and the green slopes were with happy Salvations. The furnishing piece a missive and impact was obtained. The I, II, Q, of the Island, waited the row slowly round the front. "Over life's ocean," the bands the chorus.

#### ANNIVERSARY WEDDING.

ding of Brigadiers Powell in which took place at the time of the event of the day. The was conducted by a Commissioner who was assisted by Mrs. Com. Nicol, Colonel Kilbey, and Duff, Hoggar and Powson, the Foreign Office Staff, and the bride and bridegroom filled m.

#### MRS. BOOTH.

before the large audience at Booth. The nurses and the Rescue Homes occupied the platform. Colonel Barker the chairman, Sir Horace Chief Secretary for Queen's great friend of the Army, and a Colonel, Sir Horace explained the Secretary for Queen's intended to see and thoroughly the Work of the Salvation. There were more than fifty the girls of Queen's who com- what there used to be before took up Prison-Gate Work.

h, who was received, with an excellent health, and powers of inspiring the social Work, she dignifiedly made impression some- and—the impression that she concerned with this one great, after all, was but a little Salvation Army.

With the rise and closing, for the forsaken "the little children."

#### MISSIONARY WAR.

pictorial scenes in the Cel- ure for too numerous to no- ure. They were an ob- jects of our Missionary Work of the world.

and Chinaman. A nurse

ed soldier and a Red Indian

the whole finished up with an American chorus.

Went with a wild thrill, Carleton's Zulu bows and arrows and cheered to see the boys and girls more amusing than the English Leaguers who greeted them mades with the British had bid fair to shake the pieces!

Ar's of appreciation Continental Spinning and the admirable Anna Brixton discussed Sal- the Intervale. Yes, the Seances were a success! nations of countries to- succession.

#### THE SOCIAL.

my was naturally a con- ure of the celebration, and our interesting contem- Gazzette, to tell, in its underable scenes of exhibition and under its us the Junior. We re- newed and improved method- al, under Commissioner Lieutenant-Colonel Rich- land advance upon any. The various gatherings were by a Brass Band and a musical feast enjoyed by

#### AVATION MEETING OF THE DAY.

The Effect of the Staff and the soldiers and high rank, the General most glorious meeting of o'clock in the Theatre. As a superb one, and the fully equipped for his led in the opportunity to all one, those which brings the spirit of eternity makes the c, and arouses the saint de- dicated for salvation. "The penitent form

was another. Bro- was added to the twenty-six. Number twenty- out by Miss Catherine of the Chel- general was in Heaven! Hallelujah!

## THE WAR CRY.

### Harvest Festival Preludes.

Ernest Booth



#### ACTION.

PLANNING and contriving is very de- strivable, and never too much is done or n, but Action is indispensable.

\*\*\*

Brilliantly reflected from the sombre background of daily grind, my memory insists in mentioning the excellent triumphs achieved by my officers and soldiers during the last Harvest Festival effort—we not only pierced the very centre of the bull's eye, but our impetuous effort sent the arrow a long way beyond the Target.

\*\*\*

Last year's success will teach you into which channels you can throw your energies with the best results; at the same time, we shud also consider and study our failures.

\*\*\*

because we have failed along certain lines, does not of necessity prove these particular measures to be useless. Excellent method may be spoiled by wrong interpretation or faulty execution.

\*\*\*

Obligent searching of our weak points will often suggest ways of fortification that become our strengths to future.

\*\*\*

Keep the idea of thanksgiving to God well to the front, to make people feel their obligation to their Maker. Not only the Farmer or Rancher out of the yieldings of their fields or herds, but also the business man out of his stock should give thanks to speed the work of our Lord.

\*\*\*

We need not be timid in asking for contributions for His cause. Do not take returns without protest, and the pointing out of the things accomplished with former contributions.

\*\*\*

Stemming people of the slummet men who through the medium of the Salvation Army were made honest: of the innumerable hovels of drunkenness and want turned into homes of peace and plenty: of stray sons and daughters returned to parents and purity: of hungry, starving, homeless children whom we have fed, clothed and sheltered.

\*\*\*

"But it has been said so often," you reply. Yes, and it will never be said too often while so much sin and sorrow is tolerated by an ease-loving humanity. It is ACTION we want!

\*\*\*

Arousing people to desperation Action is in harvest time all hands are working long and desperately to bring in the grain from the fields are a sudden rain. And upon the down our Harvest Festival effort, only determined and persistent Action will help us to garner all the vegetables which this effort should rightly bring to the Army.

### ON THE WATER AND UNDER IT.

#### The General Pilots Sweden's Thirteenth National Congress.

##### SPIRITUAL SHOWER AND LITERAL DOWNPOURINGS—HALLELUJAH JUBILATION—SALVATION MANEUVERS ON LAND AND SEA.

OD bless you, General! I thank you to my heart. This is a simple, plain, hard-working man, who pressed up to the General's right in the Review at Söder- tege, voicing, no doubt, the sentiments of thousands of Swedes.

These Annual Meetings in Scandina- vian lands are of very important pieces in the Salvation Army's operations. Officers' meetings, councils and soldiers' gatherings are, of course, regular features in various centres of the Field; but there is but one Congress in each country, and to that the General and his staff from north, south, east and west, as the Jews turned to Jerusalem in old times. In this Stockholm Congress are officers who have travelled two thousand English miles to be present; and, judging by the own testimony, go back well re-warded for the sacrifice and toll of the journey.

Stockholm Railway Station occupied one of a vast square, and on several previous occasions of the General's visit public receptions have been organized, and public meetings held. On one of these occasions the General addressed the audience with object lessons and other features which indicated that our leaders in countries outside of Great Britain are taking the Junior's Work well in hand, and thus the prospects are very encouraging.

Down the broad sheet of water was not visible for all the movements of the troops arranged by the Commissioner and his staff; but the assembly of the Army forces around their Divisional banners in the march past before the General was very fine.

The scene of the Congress was a full and heavy one for all concerned; and yet, from beginning to end, there was no flagging of interest.

While the General is engaged in councils with officers' public meetings are going on by the hour, and the ever increasing stream of salvation influence is being poured upon the city. The Commissioner Oliphant had the first two days of the Congress for preliminary councils with their officers.

Then came the General's councils—three afternoons and evenings, with the Officers, the General Officers added, winding up with a glorious soldiers' meeting, one of the most wonderful assemblies of leaders, soldiers, saints and sinners ever held in Scandinavia.

1. The General himself says that he never had a more blessed and successful Congress.

2. The Foreign Secretary, who has been with the General on many important occasions, states he never heard the General do better than saw the great work he had done the officers and the vast audience more manifest than in this Congress, especially when the difficulties connected with translation are born in mind.

3. The universal testimonies of Staff and Field Officers who came and privately say that the Thirteenth Swedish Congress has been the very host of all.

Special testimonies of personal blessing received were abundant.

4. The evidence of the penitent form, at which 213 men and women knelt with tears and confessing and repenting and rising and rose up to praise God and go forward to serve Him in newness of life and realization of His saving grace.

The range of topics covered by the General during these series of councils,

total officers' and soldiers' meetings and public gatherings was very extensive. In Ball games, meetings, and the like, Sweden, Heaven, Hell, Happiness, Path and Holiness came under review, and the facts forced home to the consciences in a remarkable and effective manner.

The General also reviewed his more recent campaigns in the United States, Canada and other countries in a way which delighted his own troops, gratified the friends of the Army, and brought surprise to those whose previous knowledge of the Army and its world-wide work was limited. Referring to one meeting to the surprising growth and stability of the Army, the General said, "The enemies of the Salvation Army in days gone by, described it as a rope of sand, and they watched to see it as a rope of sand; but they looked, and they looked, and looked, until the rope of sand became a chain of gold encircling the whole world.

They said it was 'Only a Bubble.'

and they watched to see it burst; but they looked, and looked, and looked until the so-called bubble became it solid rock upon which thousands of poor souls could stand.

In the Officers' Councils The General's addresses were expressed and received in a way which took hold of all and left a mark, not only on the memory, but in the heart and character. The General talked not so much of detail methods as of the Divine laws and principles underlying all degrees of success in God's work.

(From the report by Commissioner Howard in our British contemporary.)



The Lame Man Eyes to the Blind, and the Blind Feet to the lame  
—See Commissioner's Article on next page.

#### Chickan Coops for Harvest Festival.

CLINTON.—Good meetings, splendid crowds, devil defused. Friday evening the band attended the lawn social held by the Methodist Church of this town. Lieut. Capman is very busy building chicken coops for H. P. scheme. We believe the Lord will reward his efforts. Praise God for victory—Yours in the light, Ida Dezzo, Rec. Cor.

#### LOOK OUT FOR THE VISITORS.

##### BRIGADIER MARGOTTE.

Ananapolis, August 9. Windsor, August 10. Dartmouth, August 11. Halifax 1. August 12-2:30 p.m., officers' meeting; half night of prayer from 8 p.m. to 12 m. Halifax, II. August 13. Halifax. I. August 14. Truro, August 15. New Glasgow, August 16-17-Aug. 17, 2:30 p.m., officers' meeting; 8 p.m., half-night of prayer. North Sydney, August 18.



IS COMING SOON

SET YOUR REAPING MACHINERY IN ORDER





## PACK HORSES

### Or, "Bear Ye One Another's Burdens."

BY FIELD COMMISSIONER MISS BOOTH.



SEA trip of some five days through waters of nearly calmness encircled by picture-que charm, brought me to my longed-for destination—the much-revered upon, spoken of and thought-about town of Skagway. Stepping from the white over 2,000 feet in length, a primitive street leading over portions of a stony beach between fallen trees, huge logs, and large stumps, lined with many quaint buildings—varying from the rustic log shanty to the more pretentious two-story dwelling introduced me to the little town which has in some few months with the rapid growth of mining popularity, sprung from complete obscurity into world-wide renown. We pressed our way through crowds of men—chiefly young and middle-aged, although the grey-haired were by no means absent—treading the rough sidewalks hither and thither in pursuit of their business; lounging in groups around the corners, indulging in lazy gossip, throning the bar-rooms, and crowding the few pretentious looking stores, all and each either by dress, word or attitude carrying the mark that they were or had been the explorers of the Far North. Across the street to the right, then with a sharp turn to the left we came suddenly upon a long train of mules and horses which gave all evidence that their preparations for their wondrous journey over the White Pass was fully completed. Bundles, sacks and boxes were heaped upon the backs of the burdened pack animals until one questioned the possibility of their bearing burdens so great along a level road, let alone up mountain steep.

As they stood, with many I noticed their backs sunk and knees trembled 'neath their heavy loads, while the weaker of the charmed-looking beasts lay down, seeking in the few minutes granted for their master's gossip, that rest was to be found on the rough, rocky roadway until the whip of the driver gave the signal for the start of the march. There were deep wounds on three or four of the mules, results of falls, or accidents, or, according to verbal report, more likely of the brutal treatment of impatient masters, who sought to exact by scourge of whip, and even chain, unmovable service from the dumb and wronged slaves.

None with any feeling left with which to feel could look upon these suffering animals without realizing some emotion, especially did they know of the loss especially did they know of the

#### 1,000 Caravans of Horses

either starved or beaten to death, already strewing the one trail of the White Pass.

I would like to have watched them out of sight, but my guide would not let me linger, and deep and lasting as were the impressions their wrongs and sufferings made upon my mind, I found them forgotten when confronted with the restless, disappointed and unsatisfied throng of men who passed and repassed me through the hours of that day, and crowded round me in the meeting of that

evening, and when listening to the many tales of disappointment told me in the few hours spent in that city. When nestling in my sleeping-bag on this memorable night, while the sun, choosing for the pillow the snow peak of the mountains in its sleeping flushes rivalled the brightness of Jupiter and Venus, and every nook and corner of the Alaskan forest thrilled with the music of watch-night birdlings, my mind was crowded with reflections of the day, and I thought Skagway, although the gate to the gold-fields, and in this spring season abundant with wild and rustic beauty, is full of burdens. Almost every man's back has a pack on it, every animal you meet is straining muscular nerve to carry some stupendous load—everywhere you look and everywhere you go in this Alaskan city there are burdens—and further thought told the whole world is the same. Time is but the trail leading to eternity, over which the long train of generations pass; each individual found in the march with buck beat 'neath a weight of some kind or other. As I write I see the changing processional panoramas, men, women, and children all bearing their heavy load, and that remarkable menu found by Christ for making each burden lighter, presses its great meaning upon my heart and mind: a means of getting your own burden carried while stretching out your hand to lift somebody else's found in the instruction, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ."

I find in this command of Christ's voiced by Paul, first, a forcible reminder that ALL HAVE BURDENS: otherwise the "one another" would have no meaning. These words seem to tell me that we can be quite sure that every heart is pressed with the weight of some trial or sorrow, that for the feet of all there are points of the journey which are rough and seemingly cruel to tread: into which the experience of every life "some rain must fall," some grave will be dug and the weight will have to be carried. Could we but remember this, how much more softly and kindly would our treading be through the tangled paths of time. But in the great crowd of our fellow-neighbors moving around us, many carry so bright a seeming, despite a sad reality, that their secret burden is never detected. Only the bitterness of a nature that has perhaps lost all its sweetness in grief reveals to the insight of mercy that a burden is there, too often forgetting the possibility of hidden suffering we sit in judgment harshly upon the fault, whereas did we know as Christ, Sympathy's Waters would bring forth fruit out of even parched ground.

Just like that girl, whose manner so stern and cold, seemed ill to match the gentle features of her countenance. All spoke hardly—thinking rightly so of the curt, short words of which she made use and condemned loudly her attitude. They said she always looked disagreeable—they might have said sorrowful. They said she was wrapped up in herself—they meant she never cared to talk about others. And it was only when she was in

otherwise the impossibility of carrying out; the injunction to bear one another's. With some the burden comes down upon the heart, so depressing and saddening that the whole march of life becomes slow and heavy. With others it comes down upon the muscles and limbs and bones of the body in hard daily manual labor, or maybe in racking pain. With others it comes down upon the head, so crowding the brain with multitudes of perplexing thoughts that reason toils and gives way. With many it comes down upon the home driving out laughter and love and digging deep graves. With numbers it comes down upon the circumstances and the blow of prostrated business prospects—thrusts open the flood-gates of poverty and despair. So widely differing are the burdens of mankind that no pen can attempt to describe or classify them. It seems to me as though Christ looks upon this moving mass of



her coffin, one breaking heart bringing in rough wrinkled hands, a few white lilies to lay on her breast that the tale was told of the deep grief which had dried up all her sweetness, taken away her very heart and at last her life. The woman where she lodged was a Christian and always meant well, and when she heard the story she wiped away a tear as she smoothed back a curl from the marble-like brow, saying, "I wish I had thought that the poor soul might have had a hidden sorrow," and myself I think the angels wished so too, for who could say what that one sympathetic tear would have done had it been shed by one seeking to share her burden before those eyes closed forever.

Secondly, I find in this quotation of Paul's that WHILE WE ALL HAVE BURDENS TO CARRY, THEY WIDELY DIFFER IN CHARACTER.

humanity with hidden trial, secret want, enfeebled limbs, bent shoulders, throbbing temples, distorted reason, blighted hopes and sinking souls and devises a plan of helping all by issuing a universal command that all shall help—each man's hand is to go out in the direction of his brother's load and so each in relieving become relieved, this being possible. God having made your burden different to that of your neighbors. There is a sense in which the blind man can lend his feet to the lame man, and the poor lame man can make his eyes see for the blind man. I knew a family years gone by, three in number—two boys and a girl—one was stone deaf, the other completely blind and a third lame; but despite these sad afflictions their home was an exceptionally happy one, and I do not know of anything that has much more impressed me in my experience than witnessing the

way each other.

Again, the HAVING BUT SHOULD BE SHARING THE RATHER SMALL CAPACITY none better can teach wounds. Should have shed them in wiping them who buried him enter the husk just become the reason. The whole sea of full strength that being next His back might helping us to sorrowing chil-



the impossibility of carrying the injunction to bear one another's burden. Some the burden comes down the heart, so depressing and saddening the whole march of life becomes and heavy. With others it comes upon the muscles and limbs and the body in hard daily manual or maybe in racking pain. With it comes down upon the head, soiling the brain with multitudes of thinking thoughts that reason totters, gives way. With many it comes upon the home driving out-burdened and digging deep graves. With others it comes down upon the circumstances and the blow of prostrated bust-prospects, thrusts open the floodgates of poverty and despair. So widely are the burdens of mankind no pen can attempt to describe or them. It seems to me as though it looks upon this moving mass of



way each sought to supply the loss of the other.

Again, the "one another" shows that HAVING BURDENS OF OUR OWN SHOULD BE NO HINDRANCE TO OUR SHARING THOSE OF OTHERS, BUT RATHER SHOULD INCREASE OUR CAPACITY TO DO SO. Surely none better than sorrow's hand can teach how to bind its wounds. Should not that one whose eyes have shed the most tears be the mildest in wiping them. Is it not the mother who buried her children who can best enter into the heart-pain of the wife who has just become a widow? Is not this the reason Jesus came and soothed the whole sea of life's trials and tested the full strength of every man's temptation, that being acquainted with all our grief. His touch might go under our every load helping us to bear it. The path of every sorrowing circumstance His dear feet

wept." He was so lonely and burdened in a Garden in the dark that He asked three rough fishermen to come and watch with Him a little. His losses were so heavy and so great that it cost Him His life to make possible their recovery. The only way of redeeming the world was to be numbered and slain with the transgressor—the only way of lightening its burden and sharing in its load.

And so I learn just because you have had many heavy trials in your own life—some known, and perhaps the heavier unknown—that the very pain these have caused you should have been the birth-pang of new and tender compassion for those bearing equal distresses, and so taught your heart to feel and lips to speak its feelings as ought one could never have done.

But with how many in the Christian world around us has sorrow's new-born spirit been the very reverse.

would naturally suggest their ear would have become the most sensitive to the cry of pain from any heart, but they are scarcely ever heard expressing sorrow or regret for the complaints of others—anyway, outside their own near relations or few fond friends, or offering any sympathy for their overtaxed neighbor, who, being the widowed mother of a large family carries upon her rounded shoulders and sad heart the burden of breadwinner, dress-maker and nurse, added to the many important claims of motherhood. I have heard so many say, who have themselves been sufferers when told of any trouble of another, "Well, they should have what they have got to bear," never thinking, anyway, completely forgetting that in the fulfillment of Christ's law did they have a quick and tender ear to the cry of another's need, how much they might lighten the shadow across their own path, and how greatly lighten the burden of trial which has fallen into their own lives. Little they might be able to say, and a great deal less they might be able to do, but those things which they stretched out the farthest in my own life, and outran its shadows the longest, have been those small expressions of deep sympathy spoken in time, while the trial was upon me, and maybe in simplest words—but words telling a part of my burden had reached another heart, and so it was not all for me to bear. I think this must be why "kind words can never die," because kind words are generally sympathetic words, and there has never yet been a grime dog for sympathy. God thought it

#### Much too Precious to Bury.

There is a young man there; none has enquired or guessed why he has gone thinner every month for the past six, or they might have discovered his habits have been steadily increasing. Try and think early and late on he will, he can't make ends meet. His mind is worried and heart sick with the going over and over us to how to get rid of his debts, or how better to make the little grocery store pay. In the church or in the barracks he sits next to a young fellow who has fine business prospects, but who has just buried his wife and is now tempted to wonder what there is in life worth living for. Oh, what a chance for one shoulder to get under the load of the other shoulder, and the other shoulder to get under the load of the one, and for each to lighten the burden of both as they climb the hills of time. What a wonderful and beautiful and easy means Heaven has devised in this great decree, "Bear ye one another's burdens," of lifting the shadows which rest upon the whole world; hushing the storms which beat around every batque; of bettering the lot of every creature. Yes! the Christian Church could do it, if it only would, and instead of people only being so-called Christians they would become in reality joint-helpers with Jesus in redemption's great plan.

How many burdens have you shared in and relieved within your own corps or community? Maybe you have not been slow to remark the falling off of a comrade from open-air or a soul from the ways of righteousness and truth, and often have blamed such for the sin which only your surmise has fustened upon as an explanation; but has your gaze been equally quick to notice the shade upon the countenance, which clearly told that the source of his joy was gone?

#### The Gift of Discernment of Spirits

which comes from God does not merely detect hidden short-comings in the souls of those around you, but discovers the secret which is supping the sweet-siness and strength from hearts and lives, which is your priceless privilege to alleviate, even if you cannot heal.

You say that your own heart aches and has more than its weight of worry and measure of perplexity—that often its current has been so strong that it has well nigh swept under your own spirit's feet; but you have forgotten—your

hands never knew—that the billows of trial can best be breasted when your labored strokes keep pace with the difficult crossing of another, and that your voyage through Time will be none the slower or feebler because your weakness is linked in sympathy and mutual help to somebody else's care. For a burden shared is a burden carried, and while your consideration and concern lightens another's care, the support of his sympathy and encouragement makes less your own.

I have had a great deal to do in the direction of helping the Christian to look with mercy's kindness upon the short-coming or failing of a comrade, or of even getting them to show sympathy with them in their sorrow, and I must here admit that sometimes I have been tempted to get very tired and disengaged. How glad I shall be when this burden-bearing becomes more common. I suppose with the unsaved you can't expect it, but with the saved ought to be. If every Christian was to share the burden of another, what a different church we should have, what new corps, what a strengthening of weak hands, what a blooming in many a wilderness, how many would get the blessing of a clean heart who have never yet had it; how many unkindnesses, awkwardnesses, disagreements, sorrows, and tears would be lost. What a day for Heaven, what a time for earth, what a rocking in Hell, just because somebody would be entering into the particular trial and difficulty of somebody else, and thereby helping them up with the load, and so fulfilling the law of Christ. Oh, can we not start over again and freshly grasping the hand of the One whose heart was pierced with the thorns of all earthly woes, begin to live out His grace, His life, Himself, which would all be lived in living out His love. Let us

#### Cease to Wrap our Arms Around our Own Griefs

and to so concentrate all our attention on bearing our own burdens as to give no heed to the lifting of anyone else's. Don't give all your life, your care, your love, to your own children—remember some others. Don't be so selfishly engrossed with your own little home as to have no kindly thought for a dear heart who perhaps works very near you but has no spot worthy of that name. Don't be so anxiously concerned as to how your own interests are progressing as to be unable to feel any real hurt at the downfall of another's. Remember the little family of which I have spoken, and he feet to the lame, and eyes to the blind, despite there being some heavy loss in your own lot, not forgetting as ye mete it out to others, so again God has sworn it shall be meted out to you.

Again, I see my text BEING AN INJUNCTION TO ALL THAT THERE ARE NONE WITH WHOM ITS EXPERIENCE IS NOT POSSIBLE. To be a great benefactor is within the reach of every man. How often people have said to me, "If I only had the gift of oratory what a debt I would do in my day and generation, and how happy I should be," or, "If I only had vocal talent, how I would sing His message of love into thousands of hearts and so make a mark with my life," or, "Had I but the power of throwing elevated thought in terse vocabulary through pen or to paper, I would then leave on record ineffable declarations of cleansing Blood and conquering Grace." Oh, the numbers that travel through the long journey from the cradle to the grave whining that they had just some talent which they have not, so that they might shine and bless. Well, it seems to me that Paul must have had especially in his mind such dear distressed hearts, and steps to the front with a great eye-opener as it were, in this choice selection for the meeting of all such longing. He seems to say, "You may not be an orator, or a singer, or a writer, or an officer, all the same you can still do a great deal in your day and generation. You can still swing the masses of earthly grace into thousands of hearts. You can still make a life in it which is the fact of which



monity with hidden trial, secret want, impeded limbs, bent sinuators, throbbing aches, distorted reason, blighted hopes, sinking souls and devises a plan of all by issuing a universal command that all shall help—each man's end is to go out in the direction of his other's load and as such in relieving some relieved, this being possible, God having made your burden different to that your neighbor's. There is a sense in which the blind man can lend his feet the lame man, and the poor lame man make his eyes see for the blind man, never family years gone by, three in number—two boys and a girl—one was one deaf, the other completely blind and a third lame; but despite these afflictions their home was an exceptionally happy one, and I do not know of anything that has much more impressed me in experience than witnessing the

have trod. He was once so hungry that the strongest temptation Hell could present was to make some bread out of stones. He was once so much of an outcast that He felt more unloved and unwanted than the birds of the trees and remarked that they had homes while the Son of Man had not where to lay His head. He was once so disappointed in the chattering of His most treasured hopes that while others were shouting "Hosanna," Jesus was crying, and called right out in His disappointment, "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how oft would I have gathered thee, but ye would not." He had such a poor start in life that He was born on straw, in a stable and condemned to death at His birth. His enemies were no bitter than they pursued Him to the grave. It was so bereaved and depressed that he broke right down pitifully, and the Bible says, "Jesus

You would never have thought that woman had buried anything, let alone stood by the two open graves of her two children, judging from the cold way she received the news brought to her servant Mary in the black-edged envelope telling her mother was dead; still less by the impatient remark three days afterwards, such as, "It was easier to cry than to work," when Mary was found weeping just at the time when she should have had the dinner ready. Mary's mother was all she really had to truly love her, and it was only three days after that she realized she was gone. But hearts that never share in the burdens of others never think of these things—not even so-called Christians.

There are these I have known who have been sufferers—invalids, that is there have always been some weakness or suffering to be endured with each day's duty. Once





## UNDAUNTED STILL!

Two Hundred and Nineteen Hustlers Bore the Heat—Bennett Breasts the Tays, Well Ahead—Hargrave Second—Minnie Third.

## EAST ONTARIO.

Hustlers, 51. —	—   Sales, 2,896.
Sergt. Duddley, Ottawa (av. 2 wks)	200
Capt. Wilson, St. Albans	169
Lieut. Latimer, Brockville	135
Capt. John Macneil, Newport (av. 2 wks)	124
Sergt. Perkins, Burie, Vt.	110
Capt. McIntyre, Gananoque	95
Lieut. Tuck, Montreal I.	88
Lieut. McFarlane, Napanee	70
Capt. French, Peterborough	65
Mrs. A. Blackburn, Picton	65
Adjt. Bradley, Cornwall	62
Mrs. Pufford, Aragon	60
Lieut. Ernest Owen, Kempville	55
Bro. Rogers, Montréal I.	50
Mrs. McEwan, Arnprior	48
Capt. Connors, Port Hope	41
Lieut. Clegg, Arnprior	40
Mrs. Lewis, Hornbeam Cobourg	40
Capt. Chapman, Deseronto	40
Capt. Vane, Ottawa	35
Mrs. Adjt. Bradley, Cornwall	35
Sergt. Mattice, Cornwall	35
Lieut. Dore, Dorval	34
Lieut. Chappell, Cobourg	34
Sister Hamilton, Ottawa	32
Sister Yake, Ottawa	32
Capt. Williams, Port Hope	32
Bro. Chas. Hersey, Burie	32
Mother Lewis, Montréal I.	30
Sister Chillingworth, Montreal IV	30
Mrs. Smith, Peterborough	30
Sister Gander, Montreal I.	30
Capt. Liddell, Montréal I.	30
Sister Richen, Montréal IV	25
Epstein Kendall, Cobourg	25
Sister Libby Orser, Picton	25
Sergt. Mary White, Brockville	25
Ida Fuiford, Peterborough	25
Sister Hayes, Napanee	25
Mrs. Lewis, Napanee	25
Cand. Hoole, Montréal I.	25
Mrs. Wright, Peterboro	24
Enid Burrows, Brockville	21
Sister McClelland, Montréal I.	21
Mrs. Sturmy, Peterboro	20
Capt. Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro	19
Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro	15
Mrs. Hubble, Peterboro	15
Sister Lydia Phelps, Picton	15
Mrs. Judy, Picton	15

## CENTRAL ONTARIO.

## Southern Section.

Hustlers, 32. —	—   Sales, 1,257.
Sister Carroll, Temple	125
Sister McEachern, Temple	100
Lieut. Wade, Riverside	60
Bro. Young, Temple	60
Sister Pearce, Temple	57
Capt. J. E. Stollker, Riverside	45
Mrs. Capt. Jones, Burie	42
Sergt. Lillian Bowes, Lissar	42
Bro. Jones, St. Catharines	41
Capt. Jones, Brampton	37
Father Dixon, Temple	37
Sergt. Minja Bowes, Lissar	35
Capt. Mrs. Stevens, St. Catharines	34
Cadet Craig, St. Catharines	33
Sister E. S. Stokely, Lissar	32
Cadet Howcroft, Lippincott	25
Cadet Stickells, Lippincott	25
Sergt-Major Beall, St. Catharines	23
Sergt. Small, St. Catharines	23
Ensign Cameron, Riverside	23
Cadet Liddell, Lippincott	23
Mrs. Gandy, St. Catharines	23
Miss. Gandy, Social Farm	23
Sergt. Mrs. Donaldson, Lissar	23
Sergt. Minnie Stickells, Lissar	23
Sergt. Wm. Stevens, Riverside	23
Cadet Howcroft, Lippincott	22
Adjt. Wiggins, Lissar	20
Sister Mrs. Dore, Dovercourt	20
Cand. Mrs. Dore, Dovercourt	20
Lieut. Lambert, Temple	19
Cadet Cook, Lippincott	18
Cadet Crawford, Lippincott	17
Mrs. Moore, Yorkville	17
Lieut. Peacock, Yorkville	15
Sister McQuaid, Temple	15
Sister Harvey, Temple	15
Sister Garvey, Temple	15

## CENTRAL ONTARIO.

## Northern Section.

Hustlers, 33. —	—   Sales, 1,215.
Lieut. Dales, Newmarket	75
Sister McEachern, Barrie	61
Ensign Mrs. Smith, Owen Sound	55
Lieut. Kivell, Owen Sound (av. 2 wks)	55
Lieut. Capper, Barrie	51
Lieut. Marshall, Aurora	50
Lieut. Russell, Collingwood (av. 2 wks)	50
Capt. McCann, North Bay	48
Capt. Chappell, Peterboro	45
Capt. McMurto, Parry Sound	40
Lieut. Matthews, Sudbury	40
Lieut. Mathland, North Bay	37
Lieut. Marshall, Omemee (av. 2 wks)	37
Capt. O'Neill, Huntsville	37
Bro. Calvert, Burie	36
Capt. Mitchell, Cheltenham	36
Lieut. Barker, Orangesville	35
Capt. Cremer, Midland	27

## WEST ONTARIO.

Mrs. Ensign Attwell, Orillia	26
Capt. Nelson, Omemee	25
Lieut. Felt, Strathroy	25
Capt. Mrs. E. F. Feltbridge (av. 2 wks)	25
Lieut. Fisher, Uxbridge (av. 2 wks)	25
S.M. Menzies, Fenelon Falls	25
Sister Rosy Gomber, Newmarket	25
Capt. McDougall, Orillia	24
Mrs. Howard, Collingwood (av. 2 wks)	24
Capt. Campbell, Kentville	23
Capt. G. P. Thompson, Halifax II.	23
Capt. Lorimer, Liverpool	21
Mrs. H. Balem, Halifax I.	21
Sister Blanche Penney, Halifax I.	20
Sister Mrs. C. Compton, Halifax I.	20
Sergt. McCrae, Woodstock	20
Sergt. Seymour, Liverpool	20
Capt. Vandine, Woodstock	20
Mrs. Roberts, Port Elgin	20
Bro. Harry Balem, Halifax I.	19
Sister Rose Whigley, Halifax I.	18
Sister Maggie Grimes, Halifax I.	15
Lieut. Anna McIvor, Sussex	15

## NORTH-WEST.

Hustlers, 12. —	—   Sales, 35.
Lieut. Brander, Grafton (av. 2 wks)	67
Sergt. McLeod, Edmonton	50
Lieut. Anderson, Minnedosa	44
Sergt-Major Brander, Laramore (av. 2 wks)	44
Capt. Minnie Hoepner, Valley City	44
Lieut. Brander, Grafton (av. 2 wks)	39
Capt. Paulsen, Grafton	39
Capt. Ferguson, Edmonton	27
Capt. McRae, Minnedosa	18
Sarah Craswell, Valley City	24
Capt. Campbell, Valley City	24
J. S. Scott-Major Walker, Valley City	20
Lieut. Flaws, Valley City	17

## PACIFIC PROVINCE.

Hustlers, 6. —	—   Sales, 430.
Mrs. Lewis, Victoria	118
Mrs. Adjt. Ayre, Victoria	100
Lieut. Wm. Billings	95
Capt. Bowes, Billings	55
Capt. Noble, Kaslo	52
Capt. Quant, Kaslo	33

## THE TOP OF THE WOOD.

While Bennett has certainly done valiantly with his remarkable hustlers this week, and Hargrave has done well in securing second place, yet unquestionably the most striking feature of this week's



ADJUTANT HENDRICKS AND CRY BRIGADE, OF WINDSOR, N. S.

A. G. gets firmly into the saddle, you will need to get all you can, and hold all you get. Forewarned is forearmed.

We are glad to produce the photo of Adjutant Hendricks and his commanding brigade of Windsor, N. S. It would have been nice to have had the names of our comrades forming the brigade, and also an experience or two from them on the line of Cry selling. But there we are thankful for small mercies.

Cry, Captain! Give you a Cry brigade at your corps? And they are good-looking a lot as those of Adjutant H.'s? Send them along and we will produce them, and our readers shall judge.

## WANTED! WANTED! WANTED!

## EXPERIENCES.

## EXPERIENCES.

Anything interesting that has occurred, or may occur, during your Cry selling. Write them out, or tell them to some one who will write, and then forward same to Fountain Pen, Editorial Office, Albert St., Toronto.

Our new Editor-in-Chief is planning some new departures along the line of encouraging our hustlers. Keep your courage up. Don't grow weary. Keep believing, the sixteen-page is a coming. There's to be a big Cry book and prizes. Come along and enter. ALL WILL HAVE A CHANCE. So get ready. Don't forget YOUR PHOTO and your experiences. Send them along to

Yours affectionately,

FOUNTAIN PEN.



## MISSING.

## To Parents, Relations and Friends:-

We will search for missing or runaway relatives in any part of the globe; be friend, or assist, if possible, wronged women or children, or any person in difficulty. Address to FOUNTAIN PEN, 16 Albert St., Toronto, Canada, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. If possible, send fifty cents to defray a part of the expenses.

We will be glad if our Officers, Soldiers and Friends will look through the Missing Column regularly, and if they see any cases which they could help us with, we would be pleased if they would do so.

## First Insertion.

361. EMRICK, W. Age 46 years, height 5 ft. 6 in., dark hair, dark hazel eyes, brown mottled skin, build of one of the more compact types, good talker, with an air of friendliness. Supposed to be in Ohio, U. S. A. Friend enquires.

362. MRS. LUCY CANHAM (nee Darrell). Went away from Hamilton, Ont., 13 or 14 years ago. Never heard from since. All her brothers and sisters have died since she went away. Her mother, Mrs. Darnell, enquires. U. S. A. Cry please copy.

## Second Insertion.

363. WILLIAMS, THOS. From the Parish of Bradley, Hertfordshire, England. Son of Nathaniel and Hannah Williams. Age 45 or 55. It will be to his advantage to make his whereabouts known to Commissioner Brad, S. A. Temple, Toronto.

364. PARR, THOMAS. Was last seen by any of his friends in Toronto, November, 1899, shortly after getting his discharge from the Royal Artillery, then in garrison at Halifax, N. S. He is tall, light complexion, hair and eyes. Would be about 42 years old now. We have news for him.

365. Missing, a man, six feet tall, broad shoulders, stooped a little, walked with a cane, white hair cut close, a deep under right eye, about 60 years old. Was a sailor, from New York, and lately lived in Vermont, U. S. A. United States Cry please copy. In answering this ad. please give number, 365.

366. SIMMONS, JOHN. Who left Balaam, England, some 22 or 30 years since. Please communicate with Mr. J. J. Collings, Victoria Road, Norbiton, Surrey, England. He will hear of something to his advantage, or if any one can produce evidence of his death will be rewarded for their trouble.

367. BOWEN, GEORGE. Came to Canada from England some years ago. The last his people heard of him he was head of a Lunatic Asylum. We would very much like his present address.

368. CHAPMAN, RICHARD. Medium height, rather stout, fair complexion, eyes about 22 years. He was last heard of about May 1891, at Bodden, Athab. N.W.T.

### A Newfoundland District Officer's Journeys.

I started for my first tour around this District on July 1st. Arrived Saturday in Clarenville Town. Found the Officers all smiling and preparing for Sunday, but some took time to have a meeting.

Sunday morning found us all at the post at seven. Meetings all day a blessing. The night's meeting shall never be forgotten by some of us. Twenty of the men soldiers who were ready to leave for the front, the following week, stood and sang together, "Shall we meet beyond the river?"

Reached Charlottetown on Monday. Had a meeting at night, sold some books, talked with a Candidate, left early next morning, and to row seven miles alone in a small boat, longing to me in order to catch the train to Glace Bay. My hands were blistered and bleeding, yet this is not much to one who is interested in the war.

At Glace Bay I found Captain Moulton most anxious to welcome me. We spent a profitable hour together.

Next is Roberts Bay. The first evening to reach it was by Uncle Joe Tilley, who was going a long way from home for a load of coal, so the Captain and I jumped on board of the little vessel "Anne Jane". We were welcomed by Tilley on the fishing ground with a pair of oil pants on and two times over the side of his boat and quite a number of fish on board. He was very glad to see us. There are only a few people here, but they look well to their officer's needs.

At last we reached St. John's after a small congregation but a big blessing, and off again next day with the "Anne Jane". The dear old man treated us kindly, gave us fish and pork for dinner, and anchored

in a smooth place while we ate it, on account of the water being boisterous. Uncle Joe, with his wife, son, and mother to all officers' children and grand-children are nearly all soldiers.

Monday, July 11th, Captain Morton and a Mr. Pitman, brother of Captain Pitman, brought me in a small boat thirty miles and a half to the village of the Holy Trinity. I spent the next day at Trinity, also part of the night. Held meetings there and boarded the steamer for Catalina. There I found the officers in good spirits and spent a day with them. That night I heard a noise in the one room which I slept death claiming a human for his prey. This again reminded me of the fact that "It is appointed unto man once to die and after death the judgment." Praise God, it was me. I was ready.

On my way home next morning I met an old man on the side of the road. He had a talk with him, got him down on his knees and prayed with him. Arrived home to find the Captain well and six souls saved while away. To God be all the glory! We are believing and praying for many more.

Altogether I travelled one hundred and eighty miles, this is the extent of this District, visited six corps and an outpost, conducted fourteen meetings, five Candidates were talked with, four Sergeants were received, and many souls saved, and many other things attended to.

In finishing up I will say on the whole I am more delighted to see the spirit of unity that exists in our District. —J. Gosling.

The Jews are now flocking back to Jocelyn's in great numbers, says the Pall Mall Gazette, and if the influx is maintained it will become again a city of Jews. The Jews are chiefly of German extraction.

### PINS AND NEEDLES.

Lame feet may tread the right road. No man is a whole man till he is a holy man.

The bone of contention is generally the jawbone.

Improve your time, for it will only be yours for a time.

Prayer is not measured by its extent, but by its content.

Better have a bad soul to your boot than a bad soul to your body.

The best way to be true to life is to live a life of truth.

Never be in a place where religion would be out of place.

God never made a promise that was too good to be true.

Don't attempt to B sharp or B flat, but simply B natural.

Truthful boys are the timber that great men are made of.

Never say you have done your best till you have tried again.

Take one step with the devil and you are in for a long walk.

It is generally other people who profit by our bitter experiences.

When the public-house goes the devil will not have long to stay.

It is not by the gray of the hair that one knows the age of the heart.

It is only the lack of means that saves some people from being mean.

A man's credit is getting very low when he can't even borrow trouble.

### OUR PLATFORM.

Train Davidson Paints a Picture for the Times on Mammmonism.

#### YOUNG MEN, BEWARE!

• • • Here, for example, is a young man just commencing business. His aim is a laudable one—to earn a living for himself; and his full intention is to do so only by fair and legitimate means.

He is a hard worker, gives all his time and attention. Success attends his efforts; he is astonished at his own good fortune; and presently he begins to find that he is actually becoming wealthy. Who could satisfy him? By no means. Success only stimulates him. Now he dreams of leaping up to a higher social position altogether, and living in a style that his parents would have envied princely. As his business develops and his connections extend, so his ears multiply, and he becomes more entirely absorbed with matters commercial and financial.

#### The Thrill for Wealth Increases.

The world tightens its grasp on him every day, till he has no time and no inclination to think of anything else. He has now become a thorough worldling. He feels, he thinks, he dreams, he talks of nothing but business, and stocks, and money, and property, and things material.

Not that he is necessarily a miser or skimp. The mammonist must not be mistaken for the screw. He may be open, generous, kind, but—his every thought is steeped in covetousness. Indolence is asleep; the moral faculty is dormant; the heart is shrivelling up; man has no more religion than a dog; he lives as if death were a hundred years off, and, when it comes, will be the end of the world.

This is no extravagant picture. I am sketching no fanciful character. It is precisely the direction in which hundreds of young men are drifting who are outwardly correct and respectable.

They are not addicted to open vice; they are not given to drinking and gambling, are healthless, but healthy, and avoid infidelity, but—they are given up to mammonism.

Again and again has it been observed that horrid money seems to have a curse resting on it, either for him who possesses it or for those who inherit it. If God gives you money in abundance, He means you to do all the good you can with it, and to do it whilst you live; not to leave it to be divided when you die. Men have no right to leave big fortunes; if God enables them to make them, He means that they should spend them, illustrating the highest amount of happiness; and only thus will the owner find them a blessing. —Train Davidson, D. D.

### SOLO.

#### To the Judgment You Must Go.

By COLONEL LAWLEY.

Tunes—To the uttermost He saves; or, There is sweet rest in heaven.

Will you just give attention

And listen now to me?

This all-important question

Demands much thought of thee.

Oh, sinner, heed the warning

That God has often given.

To you soon death is coming,

Twill then be Hell or Heaven!

Chorus.

To the Judgment you must go!

To the Judgment you must go!

For that day prepare, it will soon be here!

To the Judgment you must go!

To die without a Saviour,

Oh, what a solemn day!

To die without His favor,

Twill be too late to pray.

To die, sin not forgotten—

The record of the past!—

You will from God be driven,

And from His presence cast?

To worlds beyond you're passing,

Earth joys will not last long,

Your death-bell will be tolling,

And you to Judgment gone!

What there will be the sentence,

"Depart!" or His "Well done?"

Oh, may it be the welcome

Into My Kingdom come!"

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the Salvation Army, published by John M. C. Horn, S. A. Printing House, 12 Albert Street, Toronto.



**BOOM THE CRY.**

*Mf. Not too fast.*

Words Music by Train Davidson, Toronto.

**1.** I met a little Army Lass, with sunshine in her face. On her red jersey worked in gold "A true, To wage the fight for GOD and RIGHT, 'neath her arm, she braved life but strong with purpose high, to heart in-spire, the BLOOD keep cleansing, as pure and sweet as

**2.** God bless her little sir my lass, and keep thee saved and sin-ner Saved by Grace! Her bunch of "CRVS" be-yet-low, Red and Blue! The Ho-ly Fire Fly

**3.** *cres.*

**4.** *dim.*

**5.** *dim.*

**6.** *dim.*

**7.** *dim.*

**8.** *dim.*

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**35**



## Make Me Clean.

Tune.—Cloudburst for me.

**1** Jesus, my Saviour, I'm coming to Thee,  
Lord, make me clean! Wondering I sat in the light I see,  
Lord, make me clean! Gushing, dear Saviour, from Thy wounded side,  
By faith I plunge in its soul-cleansing tide.  
Lord, make me clean!

Filled with Thy love and made strong  
by Thy grace,  
I shall go through!  
The cross with its sorrows I gladly embrace,  
Holding the palm of a conqueror high,  
Whitening the night with my Jesus so near,  
Gazing I hasten my comrades to cheer,  
I shall go through!

Filled with compassion, the host I shall win,  
Souls shall be saved!  
Bearing glad thoughts of salvation from above,  
Souls shall be saved!  
Jesus, my Saviour, let Thy Spirit bless,  
Bursting I rush to the battle for this,  
Fused with Thy love and Thy righteousness,  
Souls shall be saved!

## Fight Everywhere.

Tune.—The realms of the lost (B.J. 22, D.

**2** Who'll fight for the Lord everywhere?  
Till we march by the river of light,  
Where the Lamb leads His hosts free  
from care,  
All clothed in their garments of white?

Chorus.

Everywhere; who'll fight for the Lord  
everywhere?

On, think of the people everywhere,  
Who on man's ruined nation have trod,  
On the causes that breathe on the air,  
From souls wandering far from their God.

Oh, Saviour, lead me everywhere,  
Till each sin-burdened soul knows Thy test,  
Till the poor from the mighty we tear,  
And our country with Thy peace is blessed.

Will fight for the Lord everywhere,  
For the terrible need I can see,  
Many die; in sin everywhere,  
My Jesus alone can set free.

## Well Done!

Tune. Sweet rest in heaven (B.J. 274).

**3** Cheer, comrades, cheer, we're winning;  
The fight will not last long;  
King Jesus is our Captain,  
He leads the fighting throng;  
We're nearing death's deep river,  
But shall sail safely o'er;  
We'll then shout "Hallelujah!"  
On happy Canaan's shore.

Chorus.

The "Well done" is given,  
The "Well done" is given,  
To the soldiers brave,  
Who do others save,  
The "Well done" shall be given.

Though persons are before us,  
And their trials come,  
Killing, banishment, exile,  
We say, "We'll do,"  
On earth we've toils and tempest,  
But there forever blessed.  
We'll enter shining portals  
And take eternal rest.

Our joys will last forever,  
The trials never give over;  
With song and shout they welcome  
The faithful to that shore,  
Well louder sing than ever,  
As at His feet we fall;  
We'll cast our crowns before Him  
And crown Him Lord of all.

Colonel Lawley.

## O Lord, I Come!

Tunes.—Stella (B.J. 36, 3); Eaton (B.J. 167); Monmouth (B.J. 222); Sovereignty (B.J. 220).

**4** O Lord, I bring myself to Thee,  
That I, at least, would not be my own;  
Take Thou my heart, my life, my all.  
That I may live for Thee alone.  
Oh, sanctify whilst at Thy throne,  
Accept and seal me for Thine own.

Lord, purify my every thought,  
And let me be one with Thee;  
Illuminate my soul with love  
That through earth's deepening gloom  
may shine.

Oh, sanctify whilst at Thy throne,  
Accept and seal me for Thine own.

Oh, may my every action prove  
That I am Lord, with Thee am one!

And may I ever, ever say,  
"Thy will, not mine, in me be done."  
Oh, sanctify whilst at Thy throne,  
Accept and seal me for Thine own.

## Delays are Dangerous.

Tune.—Why not to-night (B.J. 131. 8.M., I. 220).

**5** Oh, do not let the word depart,  
Or close thine eyes even against the light;  
For sinners burden not thy heart,  
Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night?

To-morrow's sun may never rise  
To bless thy long-delayed sight;  
This is the time to—oh, then, be wise!  
Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night?

Our God in pity lingers still,  
And will thou thus His love requite?  
Renounce at length thy stubborn will,  
Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night?

The world has nothing left to give,  
It has no new, no pure delight;  
Oh, try the life which Christians live;  
Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night?

Our blessed Lord refuses none  
Who would to Him their souls unite;  
Then be the work of grace begun;  
Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night?

## Jesus Calls Thee Home.

Tune.—Calling for the wanderer home (B.J. 33. F.S. 33).

**6** Jesus stands and knocks and pleads,  
Calling for the wanderer home;  
And for sinners intercedes,  
Calling for the wanderer home.

Chorus.

Boundless love beyond degree,  
Calling for the wanderer home;  
Jesus longs to set you free,  
Calling for the wanderer home.

As a lamb to slaughter led,  
Calling for the wanderer home;  
On the cross His blood was shed,  
Calling for the wanderer home.

He has often called before,  
Calling for the wanderer home;  
Now He's waiting at the door,  
Calling for the wanderer home.

Come, oh, come, while yet He stands,  
Calling for the wanderer home;  
While in His arms He spreads His hands,  
Calling for the wanderer home.

Soon His mercy will be o'er,  
Calling for the wanderer home;  
Thou shalt hear His voice no more,  
Calling for the wanderer home.

## CHORUSES FOR TESTIMONY MEETINGS.

(Key of G.)  
I'm on my journey to Jesus' hill,  
All the way long it is Jesus;  
The way grows brighter and brighter  
still,  
All the way long it is Jesus!

Down where the living waters flow,  
Down where the tree of life doth grow,  
I'm living in the light, for God and souls  
I fight,  
Down where the living waters flow.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first  
saw the light,  
And the burden of my heart rolled  
away;  
It was there, by faith, I received my  
sight,  
And now I'm happy all the day.

Victory for me through the blood of  
Christ my Saviour,  
Victory for me through the precious  
blood;  
No retreating, hell defeating,  
Shoulder to shoulder we stand,  
God look down with glory crown  
Our conquering hand.

Jesus came with peace to me,  
His strong arm was stretched to me,  
And my burden took from me,  
My Saviour.

In the cross, in the cross,  
I will glory ever,  
Till the last of every land  
Find the cleansing river.

I am going to wear a crown,  
To wear a starry crown;  
Away over Jordan with my blessed Jesus,  
Away over Jordan to wear a starry  
crown.

Gone is my burden, He's rolled it away,  
Opened my eyes to the light of the day,  
Now in the fulness of joy I can say,  
I'm happy, oh, happy in Jesus.

Happy on the way, happy on the way,  
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

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